

**MARVEL**

**#6 IN A TWELVE-ISSUE LIMITED SERIES**



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# THE EXTERNALS

75¢  
U.K. 40p  
CAN. 95¢

**6**  
MAR



**IKARIS VS. KRO**  
FOR THE FATE OF THE EARTH!





Strange events have exposed a startling fact, kept alive through the centuries only by myth and superstition — man is not alone on the evolutionary chain! He has shared the planet with two species unknown to him! Now, in a sudden burst of violence, the Deviants have risen from their domain beneath the sea to challenge all humanity! But mankind has unexpected allies —

**Stan Lee**  
PRESENTS:

# THE ETERNALS!™

THE ROSY-FINGERED DAWN  
SPREADS ACROSS THE ACROPOLIS  
OF ATHENS WITH A GLOW THAT  
REMOVES ALL SOLIDITY.

BUT IT DOES NOT REMOVE  
THE CHILL FROM HER SKIN--  
AND THE WEIGHT SHE BEARS  
RESTS HEAVILY ON HER.

SHE IS THENA  
THE ETERNAL--  
AND IS FAR OLDER  
THAN THESE  
CRUMBLING MONU-  
MENTS OF MAN.



THIS MORNING HER GOLDEN ARMOR CHAFED AGAINST HER SKIN-- AND THE DIGNITY OF THE RULERSHIP OF ALL EARTH'S ETERNALS SAT UNCOMFORTABLY AS WELL. THIS MORNING ALL SHE CAN FEEL IS A TIGHTNESS IN HER BREAST NAMED MISERY.



I'VE LOST A FATHER--ONE WHO WAS IMMORTAL AND INDESTRUCTIBLE AND I SHOULD NEVER HAVE HAD TO LOSE. BUT ZURAS IS DEAD, AND I'M ALONE.

I'VE LOST A FRIEND--ONE WHO WAS PROBABLY RIGHT TO QUARREL WITH ME, WHO WAS PROBABLY RIGHT ABOUT THE DEVIANT THREAT TO US ETERNALS AND OUR BROTHER HUMANS--AND ONE WHOM I SHOULD GO TO AND APOLOGIZE. BUT IKARIS IS GONE OFF TO HIS WAR, AND I'M ALONE.

AND I'VE LOST MY HEART--TO THE LEADER OF THOSE VERY DEVIANTS, TO A CREATURE WHO WOULD BETRAY ME WITHOUT A THOUGHT--AND HAS, IN THE PAST, I SHOULD FORGET ABOUT HIM, EXCEPT TO WAGE WAR AGAINST HIM. BUT I'M TOO WEAK TO DO THE RIGHT THING--AND I'M ALONE.

ATHENS--A CITY THE HUMANS NAMED FOR ME--FOR WHOM THEY BUILT TEMPLES AND MADE WONDROUS WORKS OF ART. PALLAS ATHENS THEY CALLED ME, AS IF I TRULY WERE THE GODDESS I PRETENDED TO BE. AND THEY DUBBED ME THE GODDESS OF WISDOM, ALTHOUGH I AM MERELY A MEMBER OF A RACE THAT IS A GENETIC OFFSHOOT OF MAN.

AND NOW I'D GO DOWN THERE AND BEG THE SIMPLEST SHOP-KEEPER FOR SOME COUNSEL--AND SOME CONSOLATION.



I'M PRESIDING OVER THE FINAL FRAGMENTATION OF THE ETERNALS LEFT ON EARTH--AS WE SQUABBLE AND GO OUR SEPARATE WAYS.

AND THE THREE BRANCHES OF HUMANITY ARE CAREENING TOWARDS WAR--PERHAPS THE FINAL WAR FOR OUR PLANET--

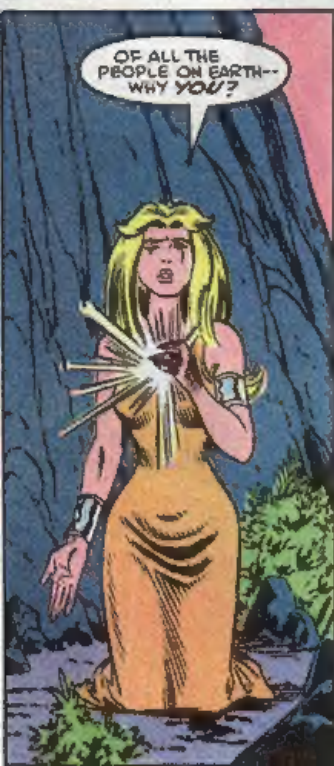
--AND I CAN'T SEEM TO CARE.



I'M AS ETERNAL AS THE FLOW OF TIME ITSELF--AND I'M LOST IN IT. I'M LOST AND I'M ALONE.









# MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION!

*Stan Lee* presents

PETER B. GILLIS    SAL BUSCEMA  
STORY                      ART

RICK PARKER    GEORGE ROUSSOS  
LETTERS                      COLORS

RALPH MACCHIO    JIM SHOOTER  
EDITS                      IN-CHIEF-EDITS

ON BOARD THE  
ETERNAL ATTACK  
SHIP, HEADING  
NORTHWARDS  
INTO BATTLE  
COMMAND BY  
IKARIS OF THE  
POLAR ETERNALS...

IT SEEMS SO STRANGE,  
IKARIS-- THE DEVIANTS  
BREAKING INTO THE PYRAMID  
OF THE WINDS! I DIDN'T THINK  
THEY EVEN KNEW IT EXISTED!

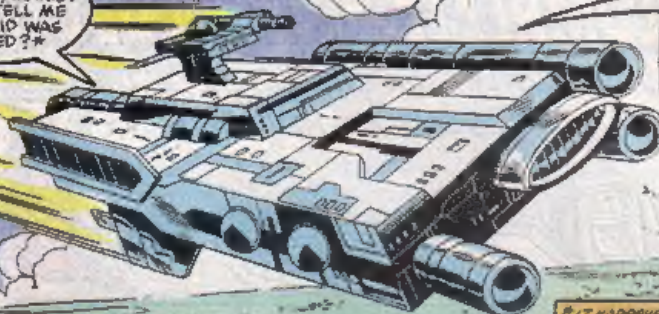
OBVIOUSLY  
THEY DO-- OR  
THE SYMBOLS ON  
MY CHEST WOULDN'T  
HAVE CHANGED AS  
THEY HAVE! MY UNCLE  
VALKIN SET THEM  
THERE AS A WARNING  
DEVICE IF DEVIANTS  
BREACHED THE  
PYRAMID.

I'VE BEEN CHASING  
A VAGUE DANGER UP  
UNTIL NOW-- AND NOW  
THAT I KNOW IT, MY WORST  
FEARS ARE CONFIRMED! WE  
MUST STRIKE REGARDLESS  
OF WHETHER THE WEAK-  
WILLED THENA WILL  
BACK US!





I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND IKARIS? DIDN'T YOU TELL ME THE PYRAMID WAS DESTROYED?\*



IT WAS, MARGO-- BUT THE STORE-HOUSES BELOW WERE CONSTRUCTED BY OUR MASTER ENGINEER PHASTOS TO WITHSTAND ANY CATASTROPHE-- EVEN AN ATTACK BY A CELESTIAL! THERE WERE SECRETS HIDDEN WITHIN THAT MUST NEVER BE ALLOWED LOOSE IN THE WORLD AGAIN!

\*IT HAPPENED IN ETERNALS (OLD SERIES) #19 - MAG-KARL

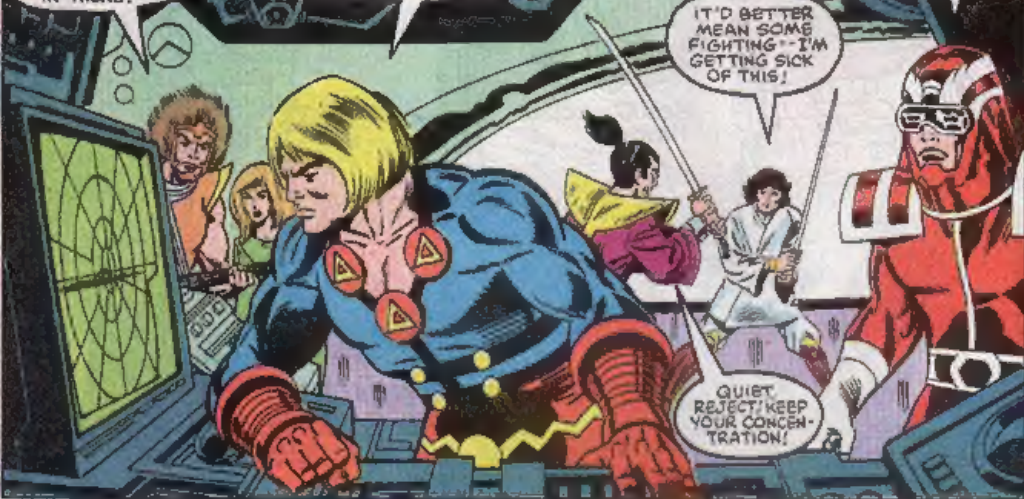
YOU'RE ONLY SUCCEEDING IN TERRIFYING YOUR GIRLFRIEND, IKARIS-- STOP HINTING AND TELL US WHAT'S IN THERE!

I WISH I KNEW KHORYPHOS-- BUT MY UNCLE VALKIN NEVER CONFIDED IN ME! ONLY HE AND ZURAS SHARED THE SECRETS OF THE VAULTS!

AND ZURAS IS DEAD AND VALKIN IS OUT IN SPACE, FUSED INTO THE UNIMIND WITH MUCH OF THE REST OF OUR RACE! GREAT! WHAT DO WE DO?

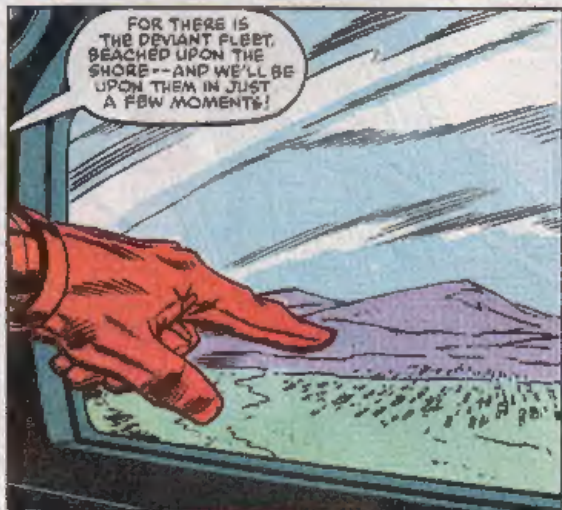
IT'D BETTER MEAN SOME FIGHTING-- I'M GETTING SICK OF THIS!

QUIET, REJECT! KEEP YOUR CONCENTRATION!



YOU MAY HAVE YOUR WISH, MY BLOODTHIRSTY LITTLE DEVIANT TURNCOAT-- WE MAY ALL OF US HAVE MORE FIGHTING THAN WE WISH FOR!

FOR THERE IS THE DEVIANT FLEET, BEACHED UPON THE SHORE-- AND WE'LL BE UPON THEM IN JUST A FEW MOMENTS!





AND ON THAT SHORE...

SO THIS VIAL IS WHAT THIS IMMENSE ARMADA WAS SENT BY THE PRIESTS TO RETRIEVE! IT'S A SMALL TROPHY, BUT I ACCEPT IT HUMBL Y AS MY REWARD FOR A JOB WELL DONE!



I BEG YOU, MY LORD KRO-- PLEASE GIVE IT TO THEM! DO NOT DEFY THEM IN THIS!



'DEFY' THEM, LUGNER? IS IT POSSIBLE FOR THE RULER OF ALL EARTH'S DEVIANTS TO BE GIVEN ORDERS BY ANYONE THAT HE CAN 'DEFY'?

I KNOW YOU, LUGNER! YOU AND YOUR CROWDS, SENT ALONG ON THIS MISSION TO SPY-- AND TO SNATCH THE TREASURE FROM UNDER MY NOSE SO THE PRIESTLORD GHAAUR COULD ADVANCE HIS HIDDEN PLANS!

YOU'VE FOOLED NO ONE-- LEAST OF ALL ME!



PLEASE, MY LORD-- IT'S FOR YOUR OWN GOOD--!

I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN THE JUDGE OF MY OWN GOOD, LUGNER.



AND AS I AM A LOYAL SON OF THE CHURCH, I SHALL PRESENT GHAAUR WITH HIS TREASURE WITH ALL HUMILITY--AFTER I AM DONE WITH IT.

NOW GO, LUGNER, AND REMEMBER THIS... NEVER TRY TO PLAY THE GAME UNLESS YOU KNOW ALL THE RULES!







THE BUSINESS OF SALVATION IS NO GAME, BROTHER KRO.

SO! WE HAD A FULL-FLEDGED PRIEST STOWED AWAY WITH US ALL THIS TIME! WHAT UNCOMMON COURAGE!

AND SINCE WHEN HAVE DEVIANTS EVER ENTERTAINED HOPE OF SALVATION!



HOPE IS FOREIGN TO US, KRO-- BUT WE ARE SIMPLY IN THE PROCESS OF ACHIEVING SALVATION.

GIVE ME THE VIAL.



WHAT UTTER HOGWASH! YOU PRIESTS REALLY ARE MORONS! SALVATION!



I WILL NOT ALLOW BLASPHEMY TO BE SPOKEN IN MY PRESENCE! GIVE ME THE VIAL!

TAKE IT, IF YOU HAVE THE AUDACITY, PRIEST! LET US SEE IF THE PRIESTS' CHALLENGE TO MY RULESHIP HAS ANY SUBSTANCE!



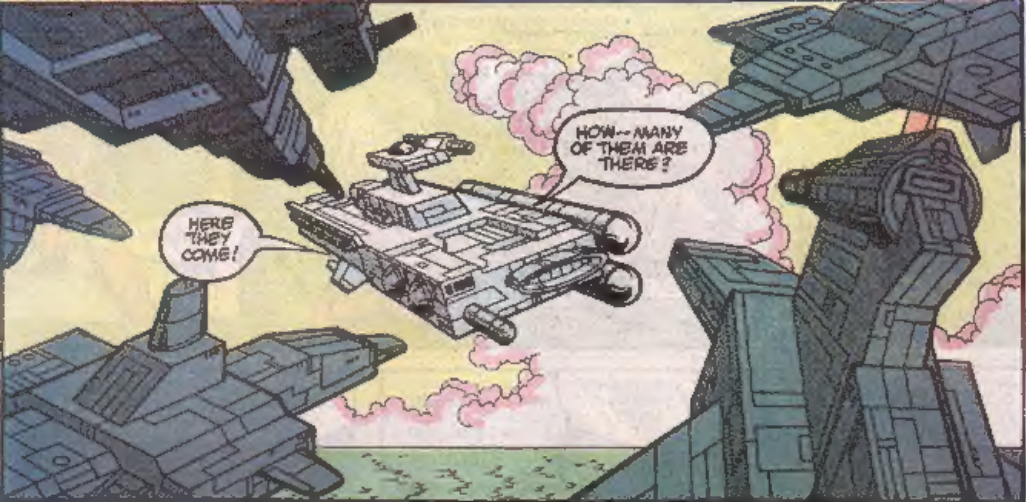
THERE ARE MORE GAMES BEING PLAYED HERE THAN YOU REALIZE, PRIEST-- AND THE ONE YOU'RE BEING SUCKED INTO WOULD BE AN EASY ONE TO LOSE!

AND WHO IS THIS? WHY DO YOU MOCK THE ROBES OF A PRIEST BY YOUR DRESS? YOU ARE NOT ONE OF THE PRIESTHOOD.

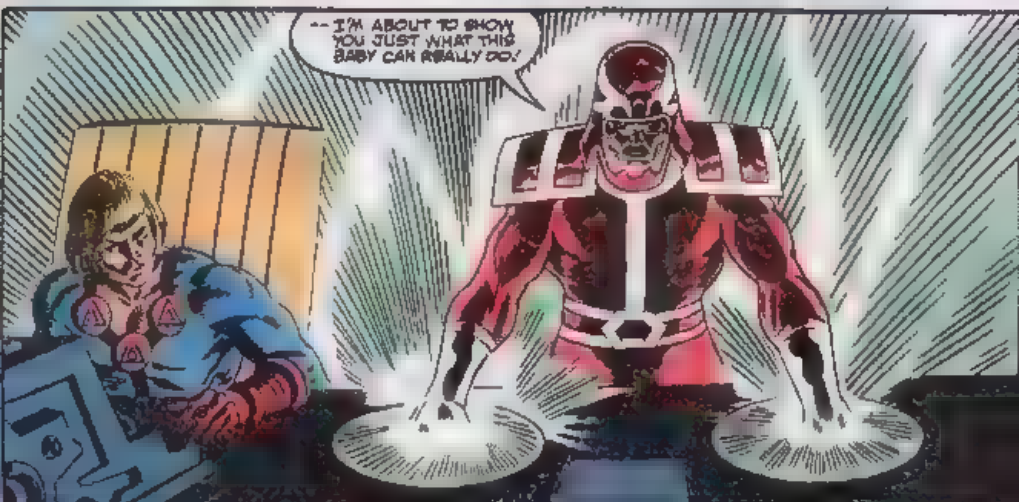
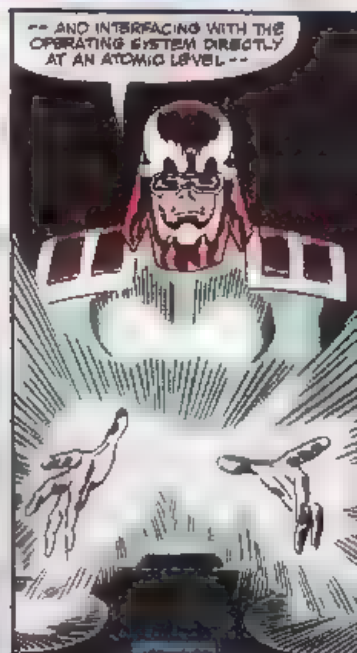
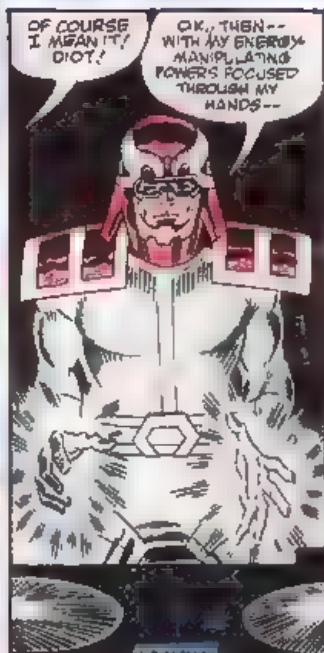
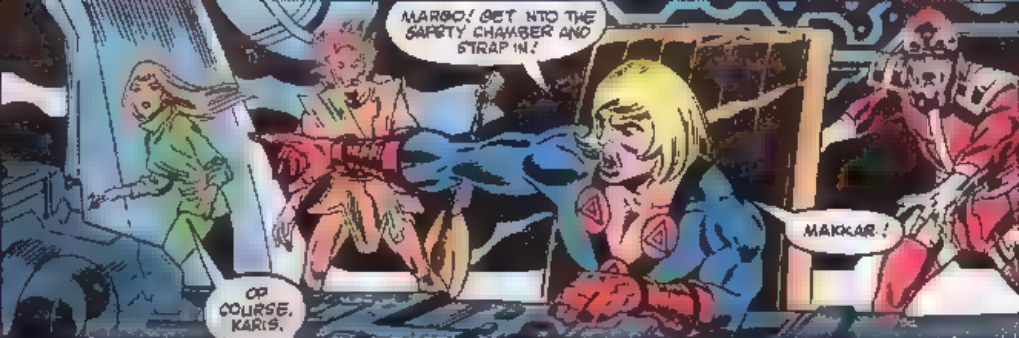




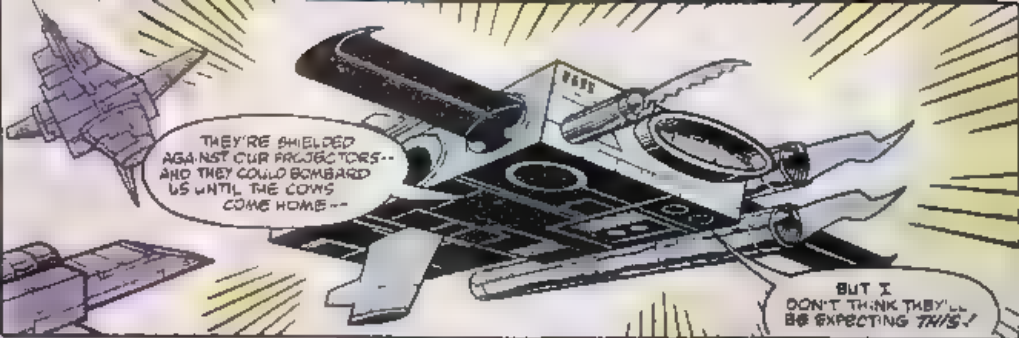






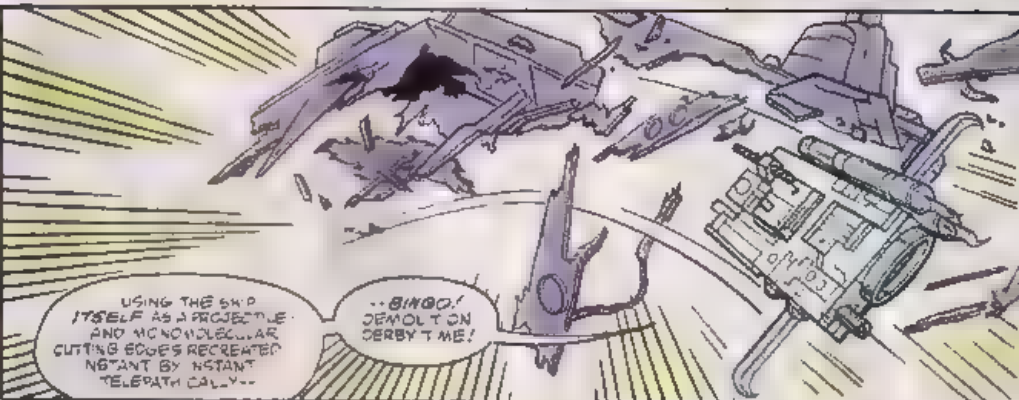






THEY'RE SHIELDED  
AGAINST OUR PROJECTORS--  
AND THEY COULD BOMBARD  
US UNTIL THE COWS  
COME HOME--

BUT I  
DON'T THINK THEY'LL  
BE EXPECTING THIS!



USING THE SWP  
ITSELF AS A PROJECTILE  
AND MONOCLICULAR  
CUTTING EDGES RECREATED  
INSTANT BY INSTANT  
TELEPATH CALY--

--BINGO!  
JEMOL T ON  
SERBY T ME!



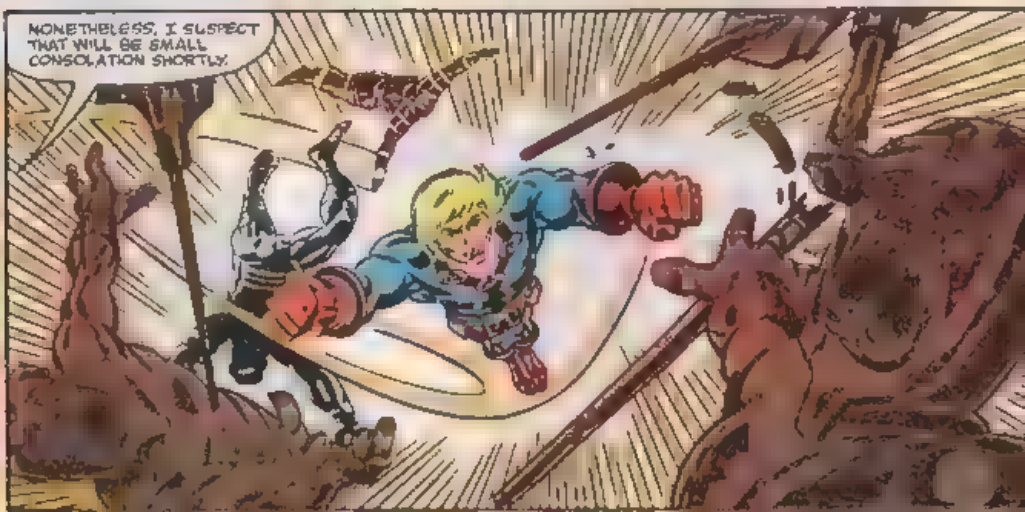
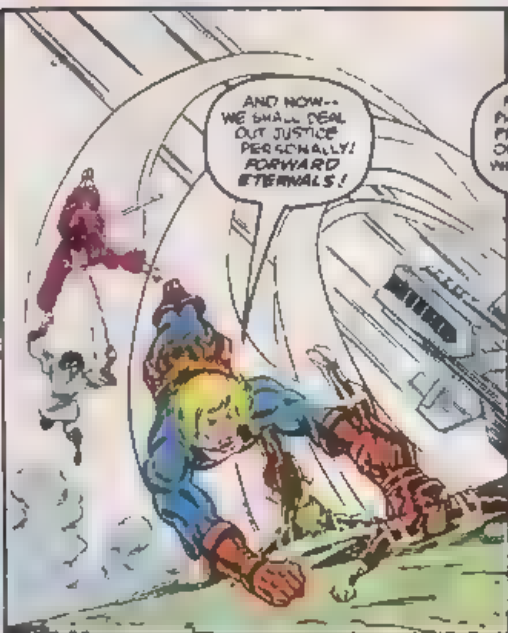
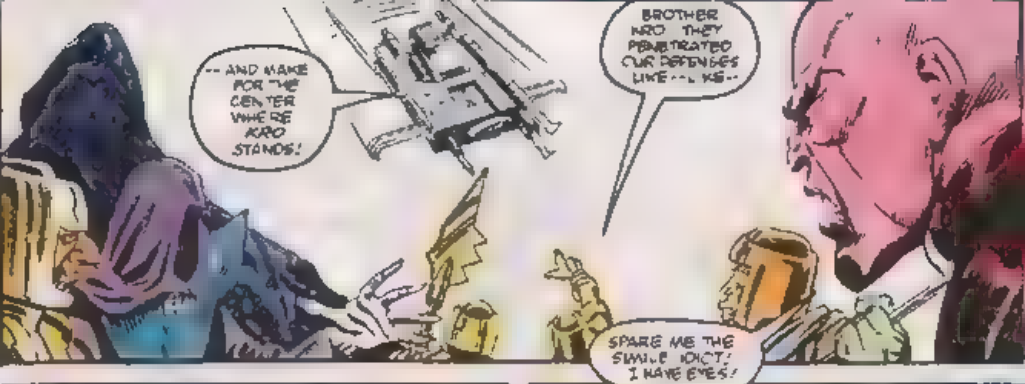
YEEE-HA!



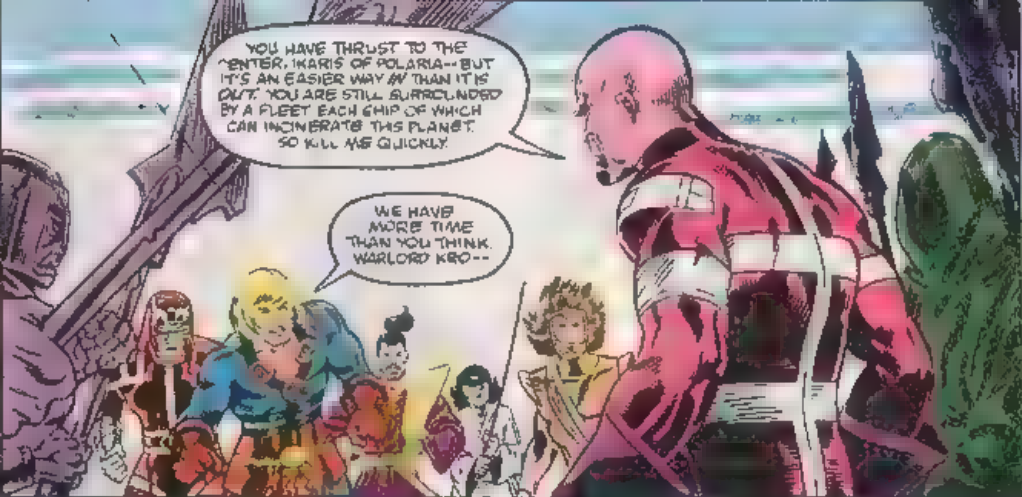
JUST LIKE WHEN  
I WAS THE  
EMPEROR  
DARIUS'S  
PERSONAL  
CHARIOTEER!  
I LOVE IT!

THAT'S  
ENOUGH ALAKKARI! WE DON'T  
HAVE TIME. MAKE A LINE FOR  
THE ENTER OF THE FLEET--



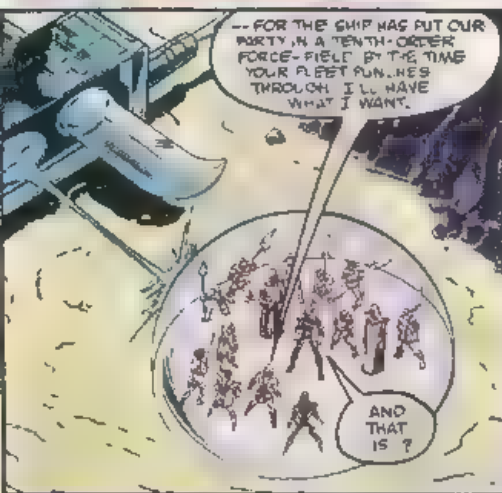






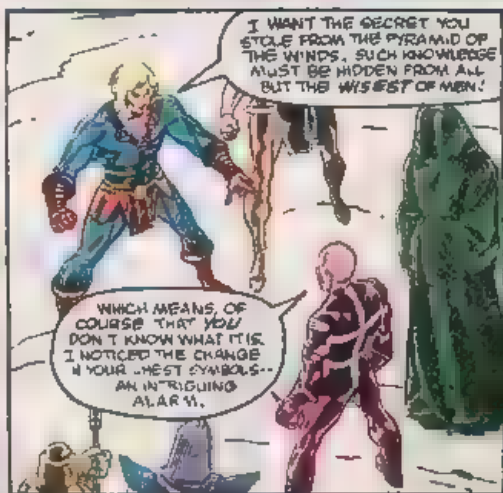
YOU HAVE THRUST TO THE CENTER, KARIS OF POLARIA--BUT IT'S AN EASIER WAY *IN* THAN IT IS OUT. YOU ARE STILL SURROUNDED BY A FLEET EACH GHP OF WHICH CAN INCINERATE THIS PLANET. SO KILL ME QUICKLY.

WE HAVE MORE TIME THAN YOU THINK, WARLORD KRO--



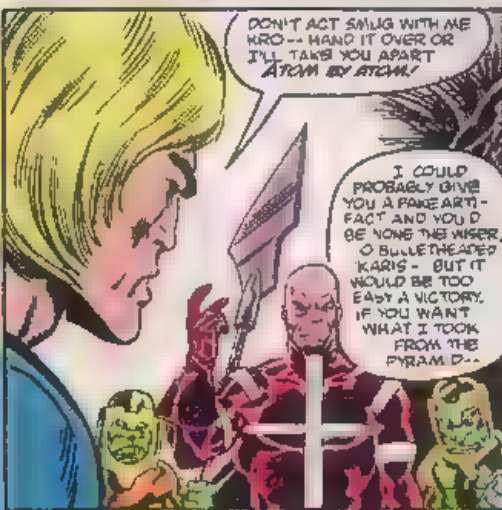
-- FOR THE GHP HAS PUT OUR PARTY IN A TENTH-ORDER FORCE-FIELD BY THE TIME YOUR FLEET RUNS THRO' IT. I'LL HAVE WHAT I WANT.

AND THAT IS ?



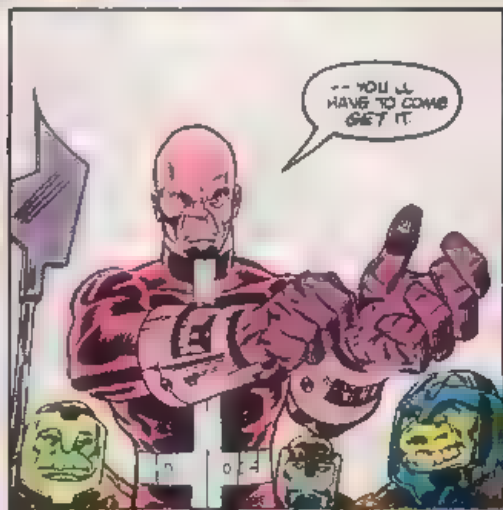
I WANT THE SECRET YOU STOLE FROM THE PYRAMID OF THE WINDS. SUCH KNOWLEDGE MUST BE HIDDEN FROM ALL BUT THE WISEST OF MEN!

WHICH MEANS, OF COURSE THAT YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS. I NOTICED THE CHANGE IN YOUR .HEST SYMBOLS-- AN INTRIGUING ALARM.



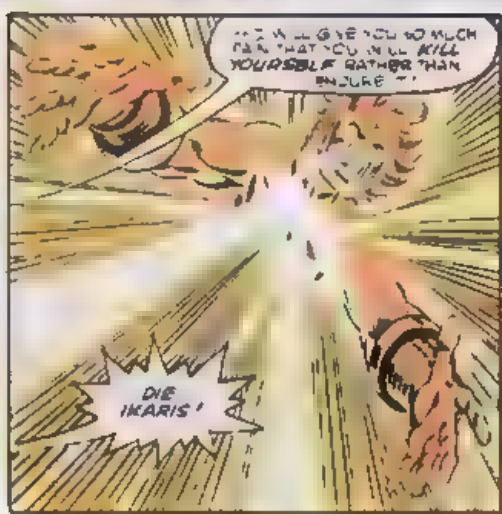
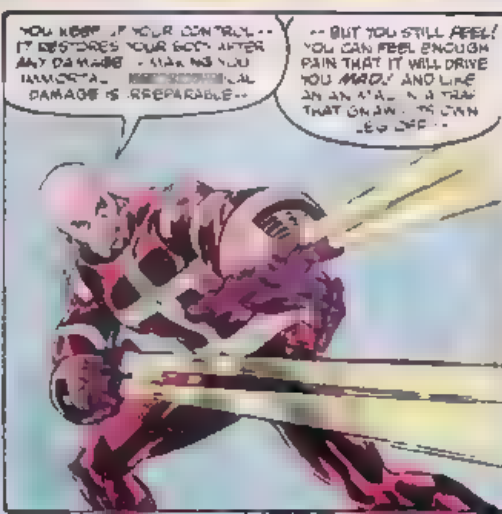
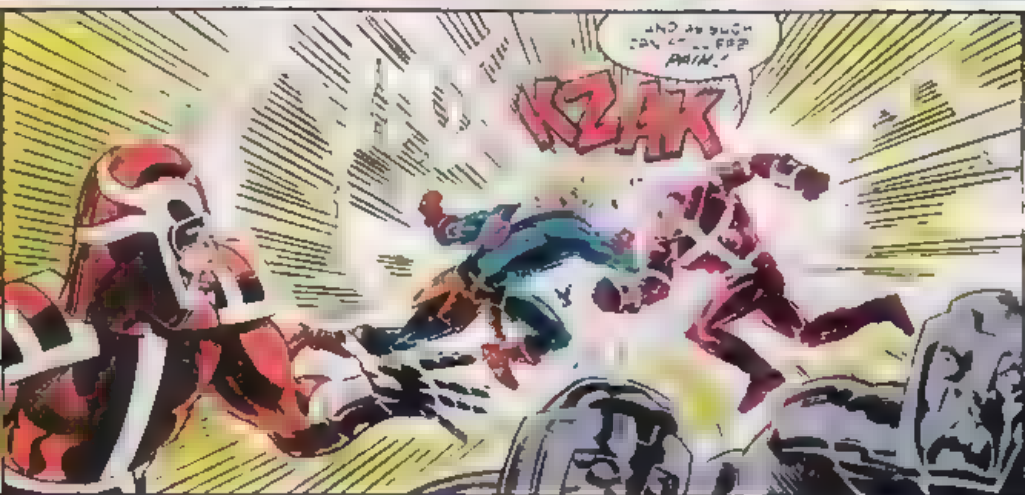
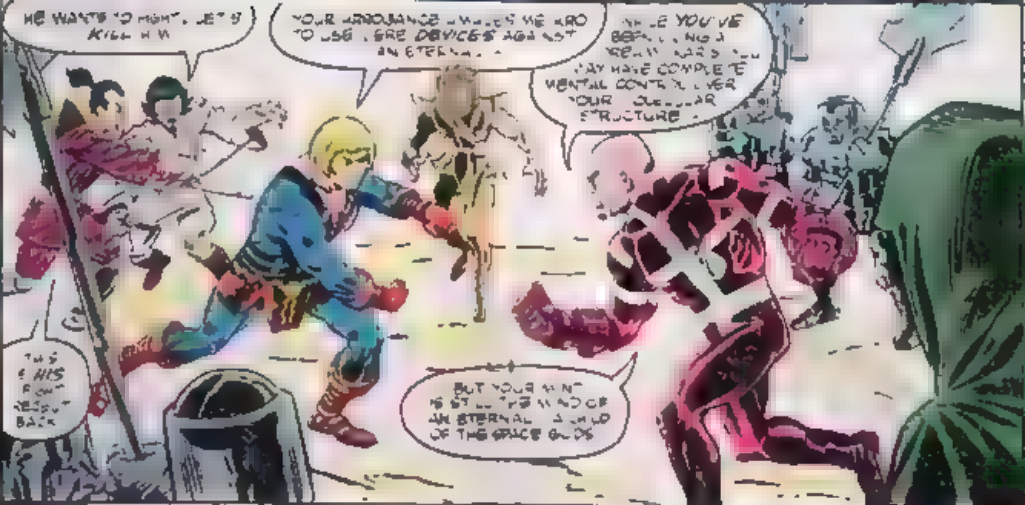
DON'T ACT SMUG WITH ME KRO-- HAND IT OVER OR I'LL TAKE YOU APART ATOM BY ATOM!

I COULD PROBABLY GIVE YOU A FAKE ARTIFACT AND YOU'D BE NONE THE WISER. O BULLETHEADED KARIS-- BUT IT WOULD BE TOO EASY A VICTORY. IF YOU WANT WHAT I TOOK FROM THE PYRAMID--



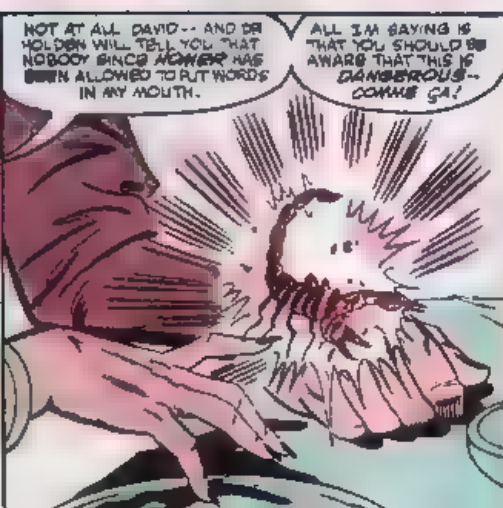
-- YOU'LL HAVE TO COME GET IT.

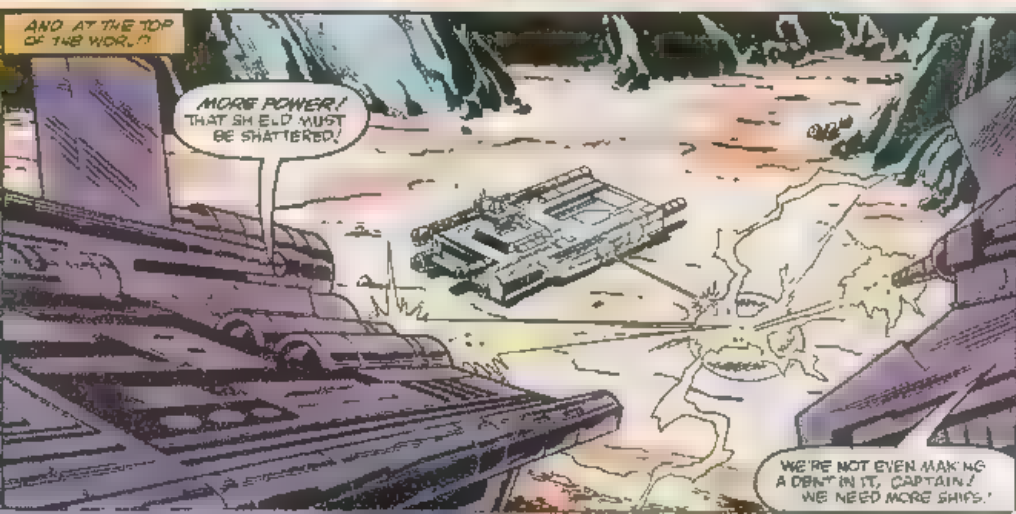
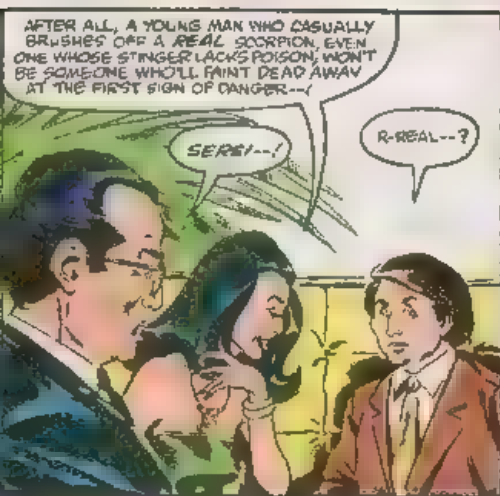




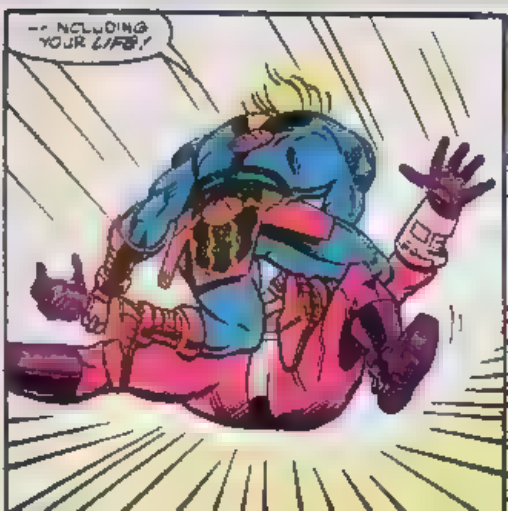
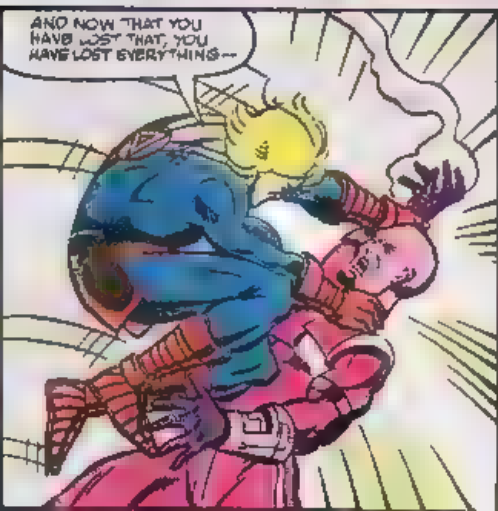
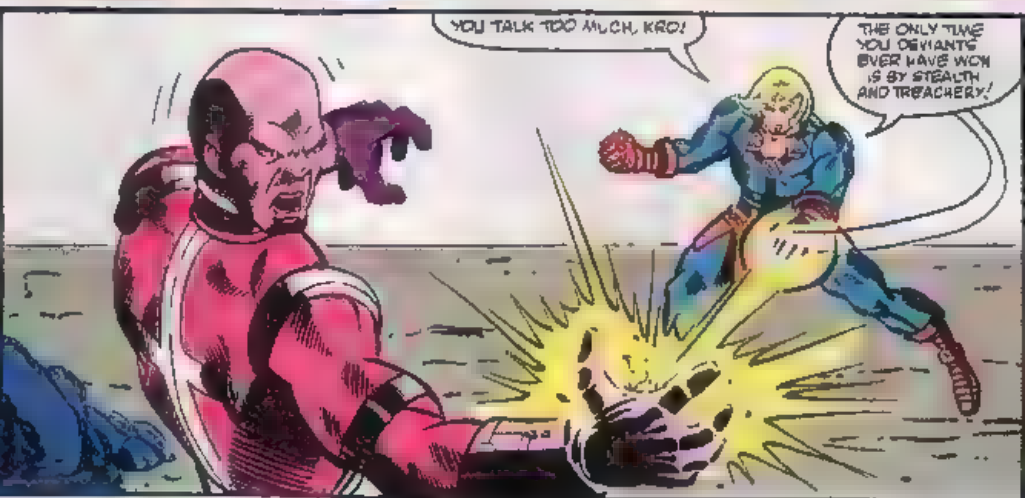


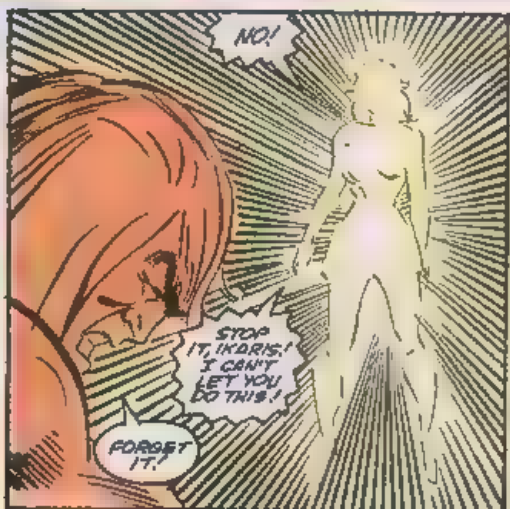
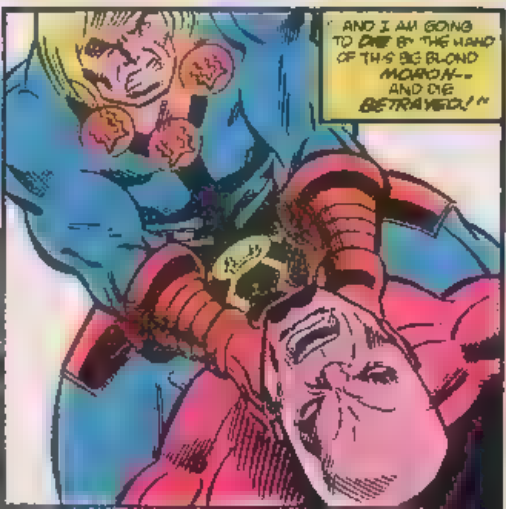
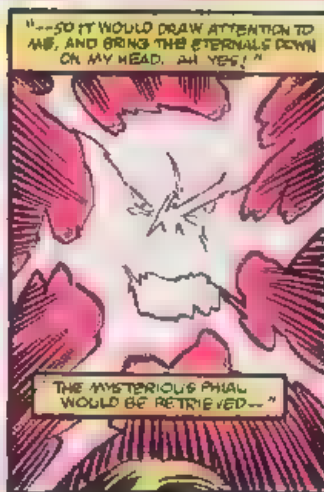
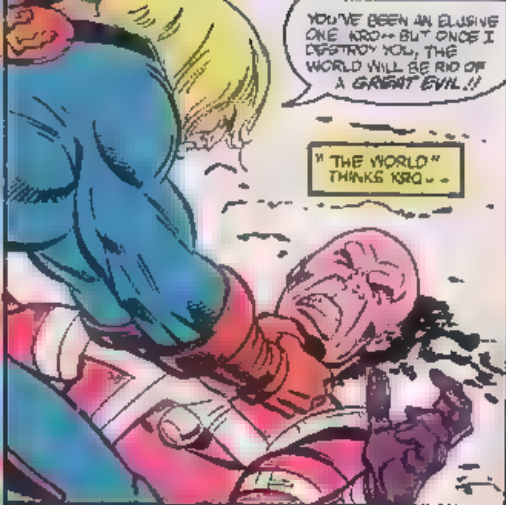
AT THAT MOMENT IN A FASHIONABLE NEW YORK RESTAURANT, TWO MEN-- A PROFESSOR OF ANTHROPOLOGY AND A FAILED SUICIDE-- DINE WITH A LADY-- AN ETERNAL WHO ONCE ENTERTAINED A VOYAGER NAMED ODYSSEUS--!



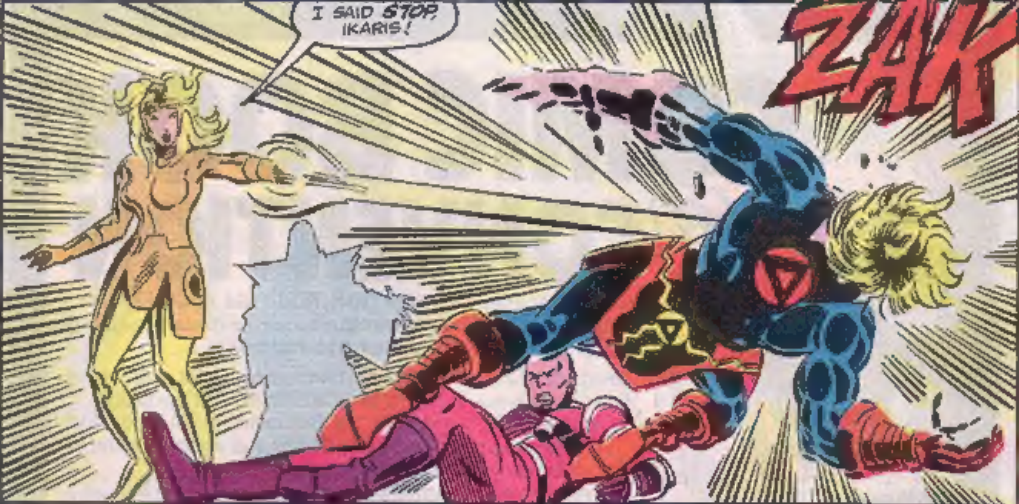




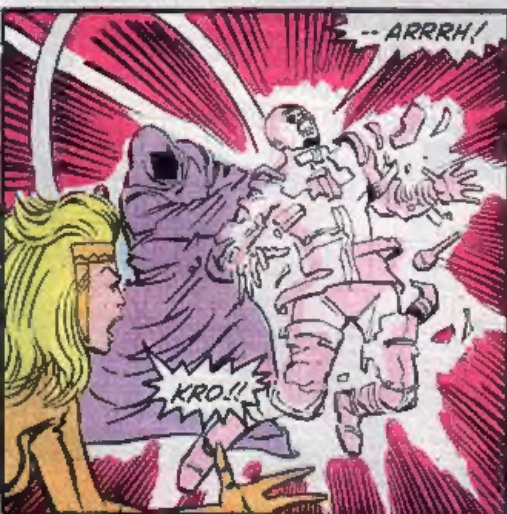




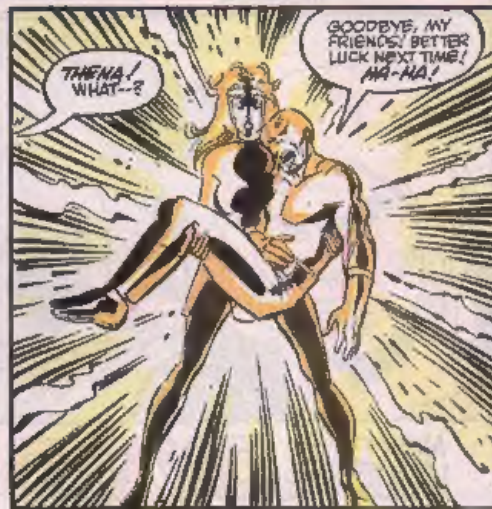




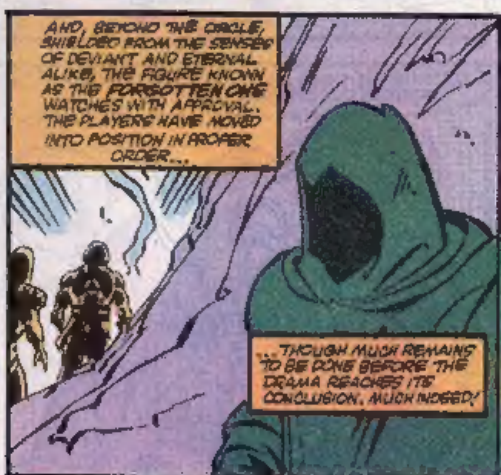
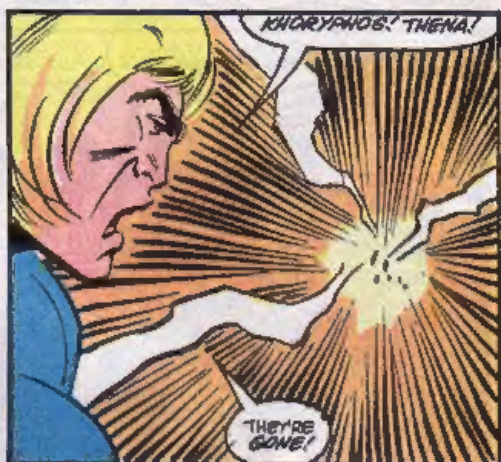
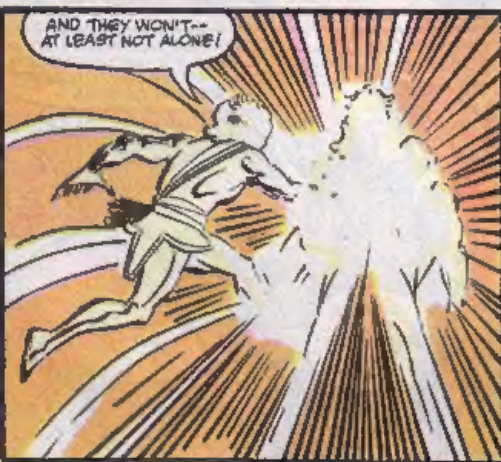
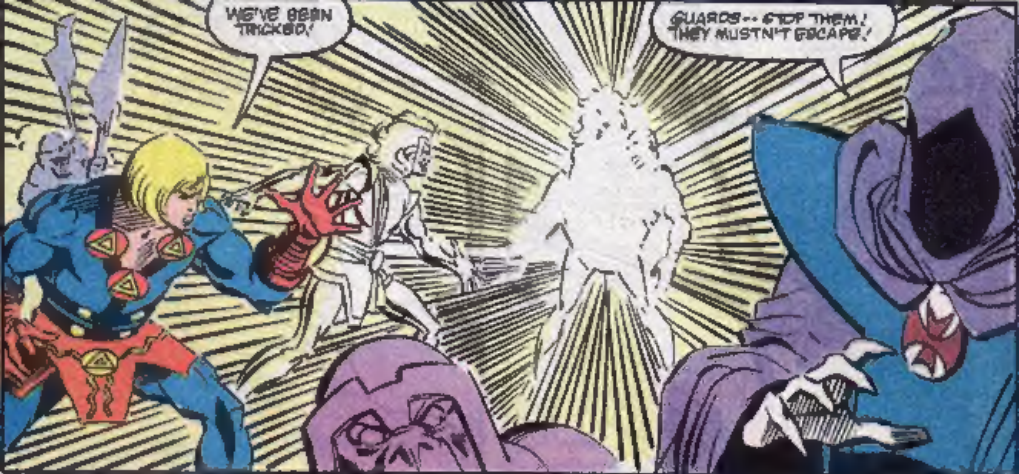












**NEXT  
ISSUE:**

**LOVE ON THE RUN!**